

The Critic

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The Chef d'Œuvre.

At The Picture Gallery.

VIEWING the closely covered wall,
Above, below, and on the line,
I let my raptured eyesight fall
Upon a landscape half divine.

Green grass as cool and fair as June
Had ever in her heart to show,
A stream that only lacked its tune
To match a gurgling stream I know;

And such a sky as never comes
Except in June's supremest hour,
I saw—and even the bee that hums
In zigzag paths from flower to flower.

I kept my seat with heart serene,
Caught by the artist's wondrous spell;
When, silently, across the scene
Uprose a second miracle.

Had some fair picture off the line
Escaped the bondage of its frame?
O pretty maid, of form divine,
I only know you, blushing, came!

Between me and that landscape fair—
Which seemed a part of Paradise—
You stood: I saw your rippling hair,
The liquid azure of your eyes;

The blushing tint that warmed your cheek,
Your lips which stirred a nameless thrill
In all my veins; I could not speak;
You went—but, oh, I see you still,

And nothing else. The landscape fair
Whereon the soul of June was laid,
Lost all its charm; its summer air
At once began to shrink and fade.

O what are earth and air and sky,
Life's pomp and joy, the pictured wall,
When one sweet face in passing by,
With ecstasy subdues them all!

JOEL BENTON.

Courses of Reading on Special Subjects.
American History.*

COMING down to more modern times—the period from the beginning of English colonization in North America to the independence of the States—the young reader still needs to be directed to compendious works that will give the essential substance of thousands of volumes of minute details, rarely of more than local interest, and frequently of long-drawn controversies, 'the heart of them torn out' long ago. Take, for example, the smallest State, but one, in the Union—Rhode Island. The determined student may devour, if his appetite holds out, not less than 300 volumes devoted exclusively to that province, any of them neither easy nor altogether entertaining reading. But the general reader will be saved that labor by turning to Arnold's 'Rhode Island and Providence Plantations,' where all that it will profit him to know he will gather easily and pleasantly from two volumes.

Each State has its own chronicler. Dr. Trumbull's 'Connecticut'; Belknap's 'New Hampshire'; Williamson's 'Maine'; Williams's 'Vermont'; Hutchinson's 'Massachusetts'; Bradford's 'Plymouth,' for about thirty years; Winthrop's 'New England,' for twenty years after the settlement of Boston; and other histories, too many to be named here, of the New England colonies and provinces, are now and will remain standard works. And to these may be added many early narratives, many volumes of Colonial Records, many more of the Publications of Historical Societies in the several States, all invaluable and indispensable to the student. But the young reader may go confidently to Palfrey's 'New England,' and when he has mastered those four volumes he may feel assured that he has gained an accurate knowledge of the earlier life of those colonists for the period the volumes cover. No paths were left unexplored by that faithful and indefatigable scholar. Only, if one may again venture upon a single word of caution, the reader may do well to remember that the bias, which can see little that is not admirable in Puritan character and conduct, is sometimes, no doubt unconsciously, unjust to those obnoxious to Puritan intolerance.

As of New England, so it may be said of the other States. There are many books, though in smaller numbers. And therein has New England, especially Massachusetts, had a great advantage. Because more has been written, the natural conclusion is that there has been more to write about; that those States had more to do with the making of history than their sisters. In some respects this is true. To the New England people, more than to those of any other part of the country, is due the formation of the national character in its highest development. Why it is so we will not stop here to consider; but as it is so, they have had more to do with the making of history, and they have written more of it, because a broader culture has led them to writing. It is not, however, that the materials of history are wanting in other colonies, though the records are not so many. There is in some of them even more of romantic incident in their early settlement, though this is wanting in none of those which were planted by emigrants from Europe.

There would grow up in America, Sir Walter Raleigh said, 'a great English nation.' But it was not to be till other peoples had tried to gain a permanent national foothold, and were supplanted, sooner or later, by the

* Continued from Feb. 24, and concluded.

English. The Dutch on the Hudson, the Swedes on the Delaware, the Spaniards in Florida, the French, first in the same region and then on the Mississippi and in Canada; even the Northmen somewhere in New England, centuries before Columbus ventured to penetrate the 'Sea of Darkness,' or Cabot sailed along the coast of North America, are all interesting, and some of them important, factors in American history. All, except the Northmen, have left their visible impress upon the country in the character and habits of their descendants; and, in the case of the French, in the preservation of their own tongue and, to some degree, their own fundamental law. Of all these early settlers there is much in the general histories and still more in those of separate States. Brodhead's 'New York,' coming down only toward the end of the XVIIth century, is largely devoted to the Dutch and Swedes. Little, if anything, remains to be told of either after him; and of course in these two volumes is the best early history of both New York and Delaware. There are other histories of New York State, and it is rich in many volumes of historical material, such as the eleven of Colonial Documents, O'Callaghan's four volumes, and the Publications of the Historical Society; but the young reader, after taking Brodhead for his guide through the Dutch period of New Netherland, may rely upon the general histories of the United States for a knowledge of New York. The Dutch colony on the Delaware became the Lower Counties of Pennsylvania after Penn founded that colony. Of the early years of Pennsylvania and how the Lower Counties grew into Delaware, there is no better history than Janney's 'Life of Penn.' Should the young reader wish to know more than he finds in the general histories of the early French and Spanish adventurers, he may go with pleasure and profit to Williams's 'Florida,' Gayarre's 'Louisiana,' Charlevoix's 'New France,' and especially Parkman's several volumes, that charming author having gained access to ms. authorities previously unused.

It is difficult to draw the line between what one *must* do, and what one *may* do to be fairly well-informed upon so broad a subject. Each State, besides those already referred to has, as we have said, its special chronicler, and most of the older States have more than one. Manifestly, it would be laying down too extended a course of reading for young persons to select even a single one of these local histories in each State. For some of the best of them were written so long ago that they can only be commended with the suggestion of other volumes which later researches have called forth. Stith's 'Virginia,' for example, is the best of the early histories of that State, and nothing has supplanted it. But Stith relies largely upon John Smith, and that Captain was a monstrous braggart and an unconscionable liar. Much that has been accepted as history on his authority has been shown, in the light of contemporary narratives, only discovered of late years, to be utterly untrustworthy. But it is wise to keep within limits, and not appall the young reader by throwing a library at his head. He must trust largely to the general histories, especially in cases where there are questions of moment in dispute on which an intelligent judgment can be reached only by the reading of many volumes.

At the head of such histories stands Bancroft's as the oldest; which, if much labor can make it so, should be pronounced the best. It is, at any rate, of the highest authority. The author has been at work upon it more than half a century. Before us lies a Volume I. published in 1862. It is the nineteenth edition, and as it

had been 'carefully revised and many pages rewritten,' it is presumably nineteen times better than the first volume of twenty-eight years before. There lies before us also another 'Bancroft, Vol. I.,' announced as 'the author's last revision,' the date of the imprint being 1883. Between the first writing and the last revision of this volume, there is an interval of more than fifty years. Such fresh knowledge as may within that time have been brought to light—and it is not a little—it is to be unquestionably presumed Mr. Bancroft will embody in his last revision, so far as it is possible without the reconstruction of the work. Without such reconstruction there is much else, however, that can not be changed; the style, the method of treatment, the way of tracing effects to causes, the spirit and the philosophy of the young man more than half-a-century ago; and probably it is better that no such changes should be attempted. The work must be taken as it is, and it will long remain as the standard by which all other American histories must needs be measured.

The young reader may take his choice, nevertheless, between Bancroft, Hildreth, and Graham, for the periods they cover. Hildreth comes down thirty years later than Bancroft; but it must be acknowledged that, accurate and sound as he always is, he is not so attractive a writer. But then, on the other hand, he is less diffuse. Graham has the merits of both in some degree, but wanted the advantage of being an American. But whatever may be the choice of the reader between the three, this he may be assured of—that for the history of the Constitution of the United States he must go to Bancroft's last two volumes, which may be read, if he chooses, as a separate work, and one which for thoroughness and value is to be found nowhere else. Nor should Von Holst's 'Constitutional History' be omitted, to acquire a thorough understanding of the political progress of the country from the adoption of the Constitution to our own time. When the reader has gone so far he will not rest satisfied till he has sought and found a more detailed narrative of the immediate sequence of events that led to civil war. Let him then take Wilson's 'Rise and Fall of the Slave Power.'

We must stop here. One who shall travel thus far in the road we have pointed out, faint and imperfect as the guidance is, will perhaps no longer need a guide if he means to travel farther. Of special topics—the material progress, the growth of literature, of science, and of the arts, the moral and religious development of the American people—we have said nothing. They are without the narrow bounds of such a paper. The history of the civil war is not touched, for that, in any complete and trustworthy way, is not yet written. The nearest to it is Victor's 'History of the Southern Rebellion,' but that was too nearly contemporary to be free from errors of omission and commission. Of the events of those four years we are gathering as yet only fragmentary narratives, in biographies, and in the histories of separate campaigns. To these no more valuable contribution has yet been made than the Campaigns of the Civil War Series, written, for the most part, by those who saw, and had their share in, that of which they write.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY.

Literature

The Carlyle-Emerson Correspondence.*

THE PUBLICATION of the correspondence of two such genuine men as Carlyle and Emerson is a notable in-

* The Correspondence of Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson. 2 vols. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

cident in literature. It is a beautiful correspondence, kept up through nearly forty years—not a word in it unworthy of the writers, or unworthy the highest ideal of friendship. The frankness and cordial love of the two for each other are evident throughout, yet there is a certain reserve of expression which belongs equally to the Scotch and the Puritan nature. There is no lack of friendly criticism in the letters, but it is always on a high plane—tender, generous, manly, and absolutely sincere. There could be no greater contrast in external manners and habits than existed between Emerson, the genial, pure sunshine of the North, and Carlyle, the rude Thor of the Scotch hills; and the contrast is evident everywhere in the two volumes. Yet, underneath the difference, lies an essential unity, in their fearlessness of expression, in their sincerity, and in their countenances, both turned like flint against cant and hypocrisy. Each was great enough to include the other in his orbit, and yet solid enough not to be drawn away from his own path of revolution. Of the two, Emerson shows with the sweetest temper and the largest mental healthfulness; Carlyle, as a lonely man, gaunt, rugged and solitary. The one struggles against the current of time and history, and would beat back the winds of heaven, not recognizing them as celestial. The other is serene and calm, finding that all winds blow from some quarter of a beneficent kingdom of God. Emerson recognizes the crusty hardness of Carlyle's manner, and does not hesitate to deplore it in a right friendly and gentle way. 'I delight in the contents,' he says, of 'Sartor Resartus'; 'the form, which my defective apprehension for a joke makes me not appreciate, I leave to your merry discretion. And yet did ever wise and philanthropic author use so defying a diction?' 'Be pleased to skip those excursive, involved glees, and give us a simple air, without the volley of variations.' 'I look for the hour with impatience when the vehicle will be worthy of the spirit.' This criticism, in those days, of Carlyle's style, must have been a cry from the depths; but it is put with wonderful gentleness, as Emerson put all things, and it was received with cordial kindness. 'It is not only most intelligible to me,' says Carlyle, 'but welcome and instructive;' and he goes on to say: 'I will not defend such attitude. I call it questionable, tentative, and only the best that I, in this mad time, could conveniently hit upon.' We see the style much modified in the letters, but still abundantly Teufelsdröckish. A thundering word, purely rhetorical, occasionally comes out, and seems a bit of the ammunition stored up for the 'French Revolution.' With Emerson, on the other hand, the style is simple, modest—exceedingly modest—and yet self-respecting. The phrases are not so pared down as in the Essays.

Of new biographical matter, or of criticism and personal incident, the reader will get little. Both writers are full of the detail of publishers' accounts, books sent, or published, or to be published; piratical book-makers and vendors; friends introduced, etc. We get of the two men's daily life but little—more of Carlyle's, perhaps, whose stomach and liver made themselves heard on all occasions, than of Emerson's. We find less detailed criticism, except of the exclamatory kind, on current events, than we had expected. Each friend seems to be seeking the other's spirit rather than his opinions, and the spirit is impersonal, so that the lover of gossip will be disappointed. The letters were more numerous in the early years than later. The first nine years give us sixty nine; the remaining thirty only bring the total

up to one hundred and seventy three. Yet these first nine years take us through the period of Carlyle's 'Sartor Resartus,' 'French Revolution,' and 'Heroes and Hero-Worship,' with the first studies for 'Cromwell.' With Emerson, they carry us through 'Nature,' the famous Harvard and Dartmouth Orations, the *Dial* experience, and a volume or two of the Essays—the wildest time for both authors, each being recognized at the end of it as the brightest ornament of literature in his own country. But the one charm of these volumes is the steady, lofty and noble friendship, never weakened, or despairing, or misunderstood, or interrupted,—a tribute to the greatness of heart and the intellectual sincerity of the two men, who will ever stand forth as 'Seers,' if ever mortal men were such.

Mr. Henry James's New Book.

MR. HENRY JAMES continues to show us up, for the delight, this time, in part at least, of an English audience. The present volume consists of three parts, the first of which has just appeared exclusively in an English, the last in an American, magazine. The three are in the best range of his peculiar style—as closely studied, as compact with minute material, as sharp with wit of the finely polished, sarcastic, foreign order, as neat in observation of external flexions and inflections, as his best. There is no question whatever of the reality of the personages, or of their lack of sympathetic attractiveness for the reader of average honesty and goodness of heart. Mr. James pricks a sore every time, even if he makes another. That his method is sanitative may well be doubted. To many of us it is 'splenetic,' if not 'rash.' But every doctor to his method. One man handles the probe best; another uses the caustic; a third is addicted to both, and Mr. James is the third.

In 'The Siege of London' we have three specimen Americans, and two persons of the English variety. The latter are an elegant, refined English lady—diplomatic and slightly Machiavellian, a perfect lady—and her son, a perfect gentleman, and 'baronet' to boot—well-bred, guileless, and quite incapable of distinguishing a true woman from a clever schemer. The three Americans are representative of something—one hardly likes to say what. We can find them everywhere, and we do, when we have reason to be out of humor with the cook and the kitchen. Mrs. Nancy Headway, the first, is from New Mexico, and, later, from Dakota—the wife of several men, so many that her friends find it hard to keep the tally. Even her sister remembers a winter when she 'didn't know herself *who* was Nancy's husband.' But Mrs. Headway is 'pretty, good-natured, and clever, and quite the best company' in the Western world. She has been married much and much divorced. She gets divorces very easily, she is so 'taking in court;' in fact, she becomes at last 'exceedingly divorced.' In the matter of matrimony, she has 'gone in mainly for editors—she esteems the journalistic profession.' But while herself a 'charming woman,' all her husbands, in the opinion of those who heard her story, were 'dreadful ruffians.' Having begun her experiences early in life, she was still comparatively young, only thirty-seven, when she ventured abroad and 'went in' for a baronet. 'She used to say that she only wanted a chance,' and now she has found it, and is determined to make the best of it. Of course her 'chance' is Sir Arthur Demesne and her mischance his Machiavellian mother. Of the other two Americans,

* The Siege of London. The Pension Beaurepas. The Point of View. By Henry James. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

one is a callow, somewhat impressible and embryonic diplomat. He is attached to the American Legation in London, and is looking up 'life' in the Paris theatres, curious to know 'girls'; but having been 'taken in' at various times, he needs a Mentor to advise him as to their respectability. He meets Mrs. Headway and would gladly commence a flirtation at once, if he could be assured of her 'respectability.' This is the mystery in the whole 'set.' Is Mrs. Headway, who confesses all of her husbands, 'respectable?' Little Mrs. Dolphin, who has 'captivated her landowner,' wants to know this for the benefit of Lady Demesne. The lady and even the young baronet, who is dead in love with the Dakota sprightliness, and in whom the 'instincts of a gentleman' are not sufficiently pronounced to enable him to qualify to the 'instincts of a lady'—these two are in search of the records. It is true the Lady Demesne has positive instincts, but her son will not accept them in matters of the heart. So all these anxious people turn to Mr. Littlemore, the third specimen American who, after a course of alternate depression and 'repression' at Harvard, had been obliged to 'go West' in the 'usual tentative way,' to 'replenish a pocket depleted by youthful extravagance.' At college he had 'dissipated his patrimony,' and had discovered his talents to consist chiefly of an 'unlimited faculty for smoking and horse-breaking.' Going West, then, master of the 'art of indifference,' he was roused by a 'stroke of good luck,' that is, from the 'proceeds of a successful game of poker,' he had 'purchased for a moderate sum a share in a silver mine, which the disposer, with an unusual candor, admitted to be destitute of metal.' It was not destitute of metal, however, but had given him funds wherewith to set himself up in a cattle ranch and set himself down as an admirer of Mrs. Headway, then 'Mrs. Beck,' or perhaps half-way between Mrs. Beck and Mrs. Somebody Else. It was to this man—over forty, 'and already white in hair and mustache'—that English society goes, for one reason and another, for a character for the pretty and very sprightly Mrs. Headway. They beg and beseech him—personally and by letter and by proxy, with tears in their ladylike eyes, and with their refined knees on the ground—to pronounce on her. But Mr. Littlemore is too terribly 'manly' to speak—at least in season to be useful to anybody; and as the English baronet, who has been to Paris and in the 'best society,' could not find out for himself, and as his lady-mother could not, with all her Machiavellian acuteness, palm off her instincts on her son as evidence, the young baronet is—well, Mrs. Headway becomes a 'lady,' and is, without doubt, received, along with Mr. Littlemore, into society, and so gets revenged on those wicked New York ladies who had distinctly repudiated her. The reader sees at once how sarcastic Mr. James can be.

There is less of this caustic quality, and much finer writing, in 'The Point of View,' which is also a study of life, mainly American, and on the threshold of America, but still from the foreign standpoint. The study penetrates just three months deep into the gay frivolities of boarding-house life in New York. If this is no more than 'skin-deep,' it is nevertheless true that the cuticular analysis is perfect.

"Landmarks of English Literature." *

MR. NICOLL'S manual, 'Landmarks of English Literature,' has the advantage over many similar manuals of being very wide in its range and quite modern in its

spirit. On the master spirits of the past, each new generation sits as a court of appeal, confirming or reversing the judgments of the generation which preceded it; and in the court which has been holding its sessions during the past ten years, Mr. Nicoll sits as usher, announcing the verdicts as they are rendered. His erudition is not deep: his style is poor and colorless: he seems incapable of thinking for himself. But he knows what others have thought and said, and gives it out in a good, round voice.

Thus, in addition to the accepted facts of Shakspeare's life, he gives Mr. Furnivall's chronological division of the plays, and Professor Minto's elucidation of the sonnets, naming George Chapman as the rival who set

'the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all too precious you.'

Thus, too, he is able to quote Mr. Froude's tribute to 'Pilgrim's Progress,' Carlyle's eulogy of the concluding chapter of Browne's 'Urn Burial,' as 'absolutely beautiful—a still elegiac mood, so soft, so deep, so solemn and tender, like the song of some departed saint, flitting faint under the everlasting canopy of night;' Ruskin's commendation of George Herbert; M. Scherer's judicious estimate of Milton's prose works as full of 'undigested erudition;' Mr. George Saintsbury's appreciation of Dryden as giving, in 'the eighteen volumes of his works, a faithful representation of the whole literary movement in England for the best part of half-a-century;' Mr. John Forster on the incidents of Swift's life; Mr. Mark Pattison on Pope; and all the modern critics on all the modern authors. We are not for saying that the modern critics are better than the ancient; that M. Scherer knows more about Milton than Johnson knew; or that Mr. Saintsbury knows more about Dryden than Macaulay knew. But the essayists of our own time are more likely to view the men of the past with the eyes of the new generation.

Mr. Nicoll's method is to state a few biographical facts and then append the estimate of the latest writer who has dealt with the author under consideration. It is not the method of M. Taine, whose 'erratic brilliancy' he mentions in a slightly contemptuous way. It is not the method of any but compilers and book-makers. Mr. Nicoll's personal judgments are the feeblest imaginable. 'Two or three of Lovelace's lyrics,' he says, 'are perfect gems, to be committed to heart and conned over by all who care anything about poetry; but his genius was the reverse of prolific, and "rubbish" is the only fit epithet to characterize most of what he wrote.' And while fustian like this is placed beside the polished sentences of Campbell, of Hazlitt, of Lamb, Mr. Nicoll ventures to find fault with the very verdicts which he proclaims, saying that Thackeray's estimate of Sterne's literary character is 'thoroughly wrong-headed,' and that Byron's famous and generally accepted opinion of Sheridan is 'absurdly over-laudatory.' These are not the manners of a well-conducted usher.

Much attention will be drawn to the chapter headed 'Our own Times.' In its facts it is a good condensation of the biographies of Dickens, Macaulay, Carlyle, and other famous works of the hour. In its views it is merely a summary of the current opinion of the English magazines. Dickens, of course, is energetic, self-complacent, 'the inimitable Boz,' trivial in his pathos, exuberant in his humor. Thackeray is allowed to pass without an effort to reconcile the sweetness of his nature with the acerbity of his utterances. Lord Lytton's

* Landmarks of English Literature. By Henry J. Nicoll. New York: Appleton.

novels are attentively considered, while his plays, which will assuredly outlive them, are put hastily aside. Beaconsfield as a novelist is 'entirely original'; Charles Reade is merely 'sensational'; Matthew Arnold is 'the greatest living critic and one of the greatest living poets'; and Mr. Froude is judged out of the mouth of Mr. E. A. Freeman, his rival and constant assailant, who attacked him anonymously in *The Saturday Review*, until public opinion forced him into the open field of controversy.

Nevertheless, though Mr. Nicoll's criticisms are worth very little, his book is likely to be popular. Its theme has an endless fascination.

"The Surgeon's Stories."*

TOPELIUS caught his first inspiration from his friend and teacher Runeberg, whose 'Fänrik Stals Sägner' aroused a frenzy of patriotic enthusiasm in Sweden and Finland. Like the latter, he was born on the Finnish side of the Bothnian Sea, and had inherited from his father an ardent love of the Finnish language, mythology and history. If, in spite of this predilection, he has written all his works in Swedish, this must be chiefly attributed to the influence of Runeberg, who had gained a wide renown as a Swedish poet. To require of an author who is conscious of his power, that he should wed his thought to an obsolescent tongue, spoken only in a remote and sparsely-populated province, would be to test his patriotism too severely. Topelius has, indeed, done his country a more vital service in keeping alive its sympathy with Sweden, by preserving its memory of the common language, and thus making it accessible to the great currents of thought which agitate the century.

Like most young men of literary aspirations, Topelius made his début as a poet. His 'Songs' have a fresh lyrical spontaneity, and at times a tender melancholy and a refinement of expression which belong only to the poets who are such *par la grace de Dieu*. In fact, it is to us a matter of wonder that a man with such a pronounced lyrical temperament should ever have resorted to prose as the vehicle of his thought. The Finnish harp is not, to be sure, a many-stringed instrument. But there is a wonderful fascination in the wild and lonely landscape of which we catch glimpses in Topelius's and Runeberg's lyrics. The endless brown moors, where the loon's shrill scream resounds through the solitude, 'the thousand lakes' reflecting the bleak sky, and the scattered farms with their simple and sturdy inhabitants,—these furnish the themes for the songs of Finland's muse. Perhaps Topelius felt the monotony of such a theme, when, conscious of his creative vigor, he discarded the metrical form, and set himself to the production of dramas, geographies, histories, hymns, political articles and historical romances. The suspicion lay near that he meant aggressively to assert the Finnish nationality in all departments of literature. Even the juvenile tale (of a didactic form) he has not disdained; and it is said that there is no portion of his great audience which regards him with greater affection than the children. His three volumes of 'Reading for Children' contain a variety of charming things—juvenile comedies, stories and poems—which have enjoyed an almost unexampled popularity. In 1869 he united 12,000 Finnish children in a society for the protection of birds, and there is no act of his life in which he takes greater pride, for there was no other voice in Finland to which 12,000 children would have responded.

* Times of Gustaf Adolf. By Z. Topelius. Tr. from the Original Swedish. (The Surgeon's Stories, Vol. 1.) Jansen, McClurg & Co.

The 'Surgeon's Stories' upon which, in foreign countries, Topelius's fame chiefly rests, are a series of five historical novels, in the style of Sir Walter Scott, dealing with the romantic features of Swedish history from Gustavus Adolphus to Gustavus III. In a certain sense the work is of an obsolete species, and could scarcely have been written to-day even in Finland. It is the patriotic ardor which pervades it that gives it life, and it is not difficult to understand how the heroic element in the narrative must have appealed to the national pride of the Swedish and Finnish youth. The interest attaching to the ring with the magic inscription, which in a mysterious way controls the fortunes of the Bertelskjöld family for several generations, is, after all, a meretricious one, and can but mildly pique the curiosity of modern readers. Topelius is not an archæologist, as Scott was, and he takes no particular pains to reproduce the thought, speech and costumes of the periods with which he deals. In a general way the *mise-en-scène* is correct enough, but the vivid and convincing details, betraying research and scholarship, such as one constantly meets with in Freytag's and Ebers's historical novels, are altogether missing in the writings of the Finnish romancer. But there is a spontaneity and ardor in his style which, at times, captivates one's fancy, and puts criticism to flight. The author's enthusiasm for Gustavus Adolphus communicates itself to the reader, who follows the fates of the brave Bertel and the beautiful Regina von Emmeritz with a juvenile pleasure against which his judgment protests. The work of the translator has been well done.

Recent Fiction.

CHRISTIAN REID requires 543 pages of very fine print ('Heart of Steele': Appleton) in which to tell us that a very beautiful young girl with a wonderful voice, whose mother had been unjustly separated from a German prince, her husband, fell in love with a nephew of the prince, but refused to marry him because of his connection with the persecutor of her mother; that the prince met her and was so charmed that he offered to atone for the wrong to the mother by taking back the daughter; that she indignantly refused; that he died immediately; and that all obstacles being happily removed, the young girl married the nephew. The interstices are filled, not with analysis, but with conversation. Occasionally one hears conversation that he would not willingly let die; and a brilliant *raconteur* was once reminded that he was talking at the rate of five guineas an hour. But Christian Reid seems to have been a 'chiel' 'takin' notes' at some hundreds of afternoon teas; the apparent cruelty of exposing the *précieuses ridicules* who were talking prose without knowing it, being softened by the fact that Christian Reid herself did not take it to be prose, but has published it as the wisest of wisdom and wittiest of wit.

MR. HOLLWAY-CALTHROP explains in his preface that his 'stories from Ariosto' ('Paladin and Saracen': Macmillan) are by no means literal translations; he has filled Ariosto's framework with his own patterns. The result is a series of very charming tales, with nothing in them that is objectionable, sure to interest children because they deal with knightly adventure and prowess; good for their morals as well as their minds because of the spirit of true chivalry pervading them; and enjoyable for the elders because of the beauty of the literary style, which is one of calm and stately movement, almost suggestive of rhythm. None the less are there some passages of gentle humor; and the cool and classic statement of most of the incidents is occasionally varied by something full of picturesque color; as when Bradamante is shown by the enchantress a vision of all her future descendants. Many of the illustrations are charming.

THE novelists of whom Mrs. Forester may be considered a type have 'lived and loved' so many times in fiction—have indeed done so little else in any of their books but live and love—that the reader need not look for original features in a story with the title 'I Have Lived and Loved' (Lippincott). We thought at first it

would be enough to quote, with 'ah uno disce omnes,' the opening sentence: 'A bower of roses in the midst of a charming old-fashioned garden, and leaning back, half reclined, with one arm raised, the open palm supporting her head, the most beautiful woman God ever made.' Further investigation showed, however, that sentimentalism and bombast were the most favorable elements in the book, and that the story rapidly degenerated from mere bowers of roses and superfluous adjectives to a plot both disagreeable and immoral.

MR. A. R. HOPE'S 'Homespun Stories' (Appleton) are homespun in being taken from actual reminiscences, not in being spun about home, as the different incidents occur in all quarters of the globe. The introduction, telling the author's method of spinning a story, is somewhat tiresome; but the stories themselves, are bright, original and entertaining, giving a good deal of boyish adventure which we are willing to believe really happened, with several boarding-school 'scrapes,' which, if not in the least of the goody-goody type, are good-natured toward teachers as well as indulgent to 'fellows.'

SOPHIE MAY is already favorably known as a writer for young girls, and her story of 'Janet' (Lee & Shepard) will be found interesting to many in middle life. The plot is unique, and not sensational in spite of exciting elements; and the characters of the social hypocrite who, as a host, was 'all that could be desired, and sometimes a good deal more'; of saintly, unpractical Aunt Rossey, who 'knew all about heaven, but was a sort of stranger in this world'; of Tim, with his good advice to 'drink the cup of life as it comes, and not stir it up from the bottom'; and of Janet herself, are admirably drawn. The book is very prettily illustrated.

George Washington.

THE appended poem was read in the evening of Washington's Birthday, at the banquet of the Washington Club, at the Hotel Brunswick, and has not appeared elsewhere in print.

CAN we add to his glory whose praise is ours?
Can we rate him anew in the lists of fame?
Shall our words or our deeds be the worthier flow'rs
To garland withal his immortal name?

With the breath of the cycle that saw him grow
In wisdom and honors he passed away,
And the cankering years that deface as they go
Still leave us his spirit untouched of clay.

Still gathers the tone that proclaims him great;
Still spreads out the Nation that guards his love;
Still moves with the rhythmical tread of fate
The march of the People he stands above.

Not a cold, iron figure of kingly grain,
With a flinty face and a biting sword;
Not the rude wolf-suckling of savage strain
That Rome first knew for its fighting lord;

But a man's large form with its sense of might,
Whose lips seem voicing a people's psalm,
Whose eyes shine clear with a gracious light,
Whose brow is stamped with a godlike calm.

Yet, when out of the New World's travail of birth
A mail-clad Liberty-child was born,
And over the utmost bounds of the earth
A voice of the free was heard in the morn,

He stood in the terrible gap of war
As stout at the heart as stalwart of limb,
And within their red lines stretching wide and far
The tyrants kept vigil in fear of him.

For always he pressed to the marked-out goal
In the awful might of the Pure and Just;
Lofty, unflinching—for strong of soul
With that which is grander than courage—trust.

Trust in the cause that had armed his hand,
Trust in the people its blood that spills,
His sword and his word taught the battling land,
God will not revoke what the people wills.

As he who looks forth from a mountain peak
Sees over the hilltops the rising sun,
While down in the valleys the misty reek
Hangs low, and they know not that night is done;

So, often when those whom he led could but see
The smoke of disaster roll over the skies,
A gleam of the far away victory
They caught in the blaze of his blenchless eyes.

He won—and he laid down his stainless sword;
Supreme—he relinquished the ruler's seat.
Plain man in pure honor, who ruled and obeyed—
The kings of the earth are but dwarfs at his feet.

February 22, 1883.

JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE.

"She Stoops to Conquer," in German.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

THE letter of A. C. Pendleton, in *The Critic* of February 17, regarding A. von Winterfeld's daring appropriation of Edgar A. Poe's 'Black Cat,' calls to my mind another of the literary piracies of this novelist. Some time ago Messrs. Schäfer & Koradi, of Philadelphia, called my attention to a new German novel by A. von Winterfeld, entitled 'Der Elefant,' a reprint of which they had just issued. On reading the book I found it to be admirably written, rich in fascinating, original, and witty passages; but the main incidents of the plot proved to have been taken bodily from Goldsmith's 'She Stoops to Conquer.' The reader may decide whether the author of 'Der Elefant' and of 'Der Waldkater' took it for granted that his public was unacquainted with the model comedy of the famous Irishman and the powerful story of the famous American; or whether, like the noted clergyman who was accused of preaching as his own the sermons of others, he claims to be endowed with one of those peculiarly constituted minds that are unable to discriminate between the treasures of memory and the fruits of their own creative genius. It would be interesting to make a study of the works on which Herr von Winterfeld's reputation is based, and inquire into the origin of their plots.

AUBER FORESTIER.

MADISON, WIS., February 19, 1883.

"A Parisian Romance."

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

SOME time last year, M. Octave Feuillet published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* one of his cleverest stories, 'L'Histoire d'une Parisienne.' This was duly translated and brought out by Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Bros. under the title, 'The History of a Parisienne.' So far, no harm was done. But, since then, Feuillet's play, 'Un Roman Parisien,' has been produced in Paris and New York, with great success; and Messrs. Peterson, seeing an opportunity of trading on this success, have re-issued their old novel under the new name of 'A Parisian Romance!' Not content with this, they have advertised the story as 'the book the play was taken from.' If the publisher who reprints, under sanction of the law, a foreign work for which he does not pay, is to be called a 'pirate,' what name shall be applied to those who resort to such practices as these to revive the flagging sale of last year's books? If the law does not protect the public in such cases, the public should protect itself by ceasing to buy the publications of the offending house.

NEW YORK, Feb. 25, 1883.

A BOOK-BUYER.

Robert Browning, and Jonathan Edwards.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Can you tell me where I can find Nettleship's Essays on Robert

Browning? Also, what number of *The International Review* contained Dr. O. W. Holmes's essay on Jonathan Edwards?

SPARKILL, N. Y., Feb. 25, 1883. J. L. WOOD.

[Dr. Holmes's essay was published in the first number of Vol. IX. (1880) of *The International Review*, beginning on page 1. J. T. Nettleship's Essays on Robert Browning, are published by Macmillan & Co.]

The Word "Our," as used in New England.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

In the March *Atlantic*, page 321, John Burroughs says: 'The plow is drawn by two horses, instead of by one, as with us.' I have lived in New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Texas and New Mexico, and have yet to see a plow drawn by one horse except when poverty seemed to fix that as the limit. The point would not be worth making—if, indeed, I have made a point; it is so easy to be wrong—were it not that an opportunity is thus given to draw attention to the fact that in one particular much of the out-of-door literature that comes from New England is at fault in too loose a use of the word 'our' (and like words), when perhaps the country just about the writer is meant. The reader naturally assumes that the reference is to the United States as a whole. Thus, 'our flowers' and 'our spring' are spoken of, when spring and the flowers are not the same in all parts of the country. I have read the most positive assertions, as to the physical features of 'our land,' which were obviously incorrect to any one who had travelled in the extreme South.

DETROIT, MICH., Feb. 22, 1883. F. E. R.

[Our correspondent's exception is well taken; but Mr. Burroughs is not a New England but a New York writer.]

"Webster or Worcester?"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Please say which is preferable as an authority in pronunciation—Webster or Worcester?

WARNER, N. H., Feb. 26, 1883. AMANDA B. HARRIS.

[The question does not admit any definite answer. Both dictionaries give, on a considerable scale, the varieties of pronunciation where good usage varies, and the one is just about as much and as little an authority as the other. We should advise no one to pin his faith absolutely on either—or on any other.]

Stubbs's Prefaces.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

In your issue of Feb. 10, you answered an inquiry concerning Stubbs's Prefaces. After informing 'C. B. R.' where these prefaces appeared, you added: 'Few persons would take the trouble to open these volumes when they knew that the greater portions were unintelligible; and they would find it difficult to see a copy in any town of the size of Lowell or Utica.' I have no doubt that your statement is true of most cities of the size mentioned. However, it is not correct as to one of the particular cities named by you, as a copy can be seen in the Utica Public Library, having been purchased a few months since, at my request.

FRANCIS M. BURDICK.

UTICA, N. Y., Feb. 21, 1883.

Stone Implements from the Old World.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC.

You say (page 84) that 'a cabinet in New York City, containing implements of the Stone Age, from the Old World, would be of great value to American archaeologists, for purposes of comparison.' The De Morgan Collection, presented to the American Museum of Natural History by the late Mr. Robert L. Stuart, and the collection loaned to the Museum by Mr. G. L. Feuardent, constitute the largest series of stone implements from the Old World to be found anywhere outside of the British and St. Germain Museums. The remote location of the Museum, and its somewhat torpid administration, must be held responsible for THE CRITIC's apparent ignorance of this fact.

NEW YORK, Feb. 26, 1883.

F. L.

John Burroughs is preparing a new book for the press.

There is something in Robert Louis Stevenson's vein of humor which reminds one of Charles Dudley Warner.

The Critic

NEW YORK, MARCH 3, 1883.

IN the May number of *Harper's Monthly*, a new serial will be begun by an American author, whose name or sex will not be told. 'A Castle in Spain' is the title of the story, and the scene is partially laid in that country, during the Don Carlos disturbances. The characters are 'international.' The book will be profusely illustrated by Mr. Abbey. As no other serial is to be published in *Harper's* while this one is running, it will be printed in large instalments.

The Saturday Review begs the English critics not to show such sensitiveness to the remarks of Messrs. Howells and Warner. Meantime the New York comic journal, *Life*, caricatures Mr. Howells in the act of trying to hoist up Mr. James to the height of Thackeray, and the *Revue des Deux Mondes* praises Howells and the other American novelists with considerable enthusiasm.

Mrs. Burnett has just completed her novel 'Through One Administration,' and an unusually long instalment will be given in the April *Century*, including the final chapters.

Mr. Mayo W. Hazeltine, whose reviews of books have been an attractive feature of the Sunday edition of *The Sun*, has collected a number of those on poetry and novels, which will be republished by Charles Scribner's Sons under the title 'Chats about Books.' It is to be hoped that Mr. Hazeltine will extend his collection to include his critical essays in other departments of literature.

Sir James Stephen's 'History of Criminal Law' is announced as ready by Macmillan & Co.

The publishers of any new American or Canadian magazines or newspapers, the names of which do not appear in any newspaper directory or catalogue, are requested to send specimen copies, and a full description of their respective publications, to the editor of Hubbard's Newspaper and Bank Directory of the World, at New Haven, Conn.

Mr. Lew Vanderpoel, of Niverville, N. Y., is at work on a complete history of the old Anti-Rent movement in this State, a work for which there is abundant material. It will probably be finished by the end of the present year, possibly sooner.

Messrs. Putnam are the publishers of the late Dr. Beard's monograph, 'Herbert Spencer on American Nervousness,' noticed in THE CRITIC of Feb. 17. The title of their series of papers from the essayists is 'Prose Masterpieces from Modern Essayists.'

The monthly part of *The Continent* for February contains nearly one hundred illustrations.

Misled, possibly, by the Marion in his name, *The Spectator* refers to the author of 'Mr. Isaacs' as Mrs. Crawford. It cautions him, by the way, that 'it is possible to be too learned.'

Mrs. G. W. Godfrey, author of 'Unspotted from the World,' in the Franklin Square Library, is the wife of the author of 'The Parvenu,' the graceful comedy that proved such an attraction at Wallack's Theatre, some months ago.

Mr. H. D. Watson, the projector and proprietor of *Good Cheer*, deserves and will doubtless receive all the encouragement he can desire, in his attempt to publish a monthly family paper, full of original reading matter of unexceptionable tone, at the extremely low price of fifty cents a year. The current number is dated 'Greenfield, Mass., March, 1883,' and is the last of the first year and volume.

Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co. will publish next week Sir Gavan Duffy's 'Four Years of Irish History'; 'Practical Mechanics,' by J. Perry; and 'Wealth Creation,' by Augustus Mongredien, with an introduction by Simon Stern.

The frontispiece of *Harper's* for April will be a portrait of Washington Irving, from a painting made for John Murray, the London publisher, by Gilbert Stuart Newton. It has never before been engraved. In 'The Easy Chair,' Mr. Curtis has some pleasant things to say about Irving. The same number of the magazine will contain a chapter of secret history, by Mr. John Bigelow, entitled 'The Heir Presumptive to the Imperial Crown of Mexico,' with a portrait of the heir, Don Augustin De Iturbide, a fine-looking young soldier of twenty years. Mr. Bigelow gathered his facts about this strange, romantic story, while serving as United States Minister to the Court of Louis Napoleon.

The Century Magazine will begin an anonymous novel of American life, before many months, the scene of which is laid in one of the lake-cities.

'Shandon Bells' and 'For the Major' will be finished in the April *Harper's*.

Henry Holt & Co. have in press the 'Lectures on Preaching,' delivered to the Students of Theology at Yale, in January and February, 1882, by E. G. Robinson, President of Brown University.

There are poems by Jean Ingelow and E. W. Gosse in the March *Longman's*; a brief paper on Japanese art, by the Rev. Sir G. W. Cox; and a short story by Thomas Hardy—'The Three Strangers.'

In its monthly form, *Our Continent* makes a very fine appearance. It would be better, however, if the regular departments could be grouped at the back of the pamphlet, instead of following the weekly instalments of miscellaneous reading matter and illustrations.

The King of Siam, having read with approval 'The Land of the White Elephant,' has just sent to its author, Frank Vincent, Jr., a curious gold medal-of-honor, and a diploma appointing him a Knight of the Royal Order of Buspa Mala. Mr. Vincent is the first American admitted to this order.

In an interesting article on 'Indian Music,' in the current number of *The American Naturalist*, Mr. E. A. Barber announces that the Bureau of Ethnology is preparing for the collection of data relating to the music and musical instruments of the various peoples of the New World. He is doubtless safe in promising that 'many facts of an interesting nature will shortly be given to the world, in the hitherto comparatively untrodden field of native American music.'

There seems to be a wide difference of opinion among authors on the subject of free-trade in books. While Messrs. Holmes, Whittier, Aldrich and Stedman favor the tariff, other authors would like to see it taken off. Would it not be well for the authors to put their heads together and get at some definite plan of action with relation to international copyright, the tariff on books, and similar questions of vital importance to themselves, as well as to the community?

'H. H.' has left New York for California, bearing with her a Government commission empowering her to act in behalf of certain ill-treated Indians in the southern part of that state, who are virtually without a home. Some place is to be found in which they may dwell without present molestation from the whites, and with more or less certainty of permanent residence. Mrs. Jackson has heretofore made good use of her pen as an advocate of the Red Man's rights; she is now granted an opportunity of giving him more practical assistance. In the May number of *The Century*, by the way, will appear the first of a series of articles, over her initials, on the Franciscan Missions of Southern California.

The Longfellow Memorial Association held its annual meeting at Cambridge, Mass., on Tuesday evening, and re-elected James Russell Lowell as President. Among the Vice-Presidents are O. W. Holmes, C. W. Eliot, and J. G. Whittier. The total receipts have been \$7000. The association was formed for the purpose of buying from Mr. Longfellow's estate a plot of land in front of the poet's house which he had purchased that he might have an unobstructed view of the River Charles. A letter was read at the meeting from Mr. Ernest W. Longfellow in which he and his sisters offer to convey to the Association the strip of land required, which is to be laid out as a court, with a grass-plot in the middle and a statue at the farther end facing the river, and the lower end as a garden. A resolution accepting the offer was adopted.

FRENCH NOTES.

VISCOUNT D'HAUSSONVILLE'S American travels have been published in Paris by Calmann Levy, under the title 'A Travers les Etats Unis.' It deals particularly with the Mormons, whom the author is disposed to view with toleration. He asks a Mormon if his household is not troubled by connubial jealousies. 'Sans doute,' says the Mormon. 'Suzie peut se plaindre qu'on témoigne trop de tendresse à Bessie, ou Bessie qu'on témoigne trop de tendresse à Suzie; mais ce sont de ces légers nuages qu'on bon mari sait bien vite dissiper.'

With the title, 'Les Français en Egypte,' M. Pierre Giffard

publishes (Havard) a work on the part played by France on the Nile since the days of Napoleon, and shows what has been done for the public works by Frenchmen like Lesseps, Mongel, Bey, Lissant, Cordier, Brocard and Lasseron; for archaeology by Champollion, Lenormant, Ampère, Mariette, and Maspero; and for medicine by Clot Bey.

'Le Général' is the new novel of MM. Vast-Ricouard (Dentu),—the story of a general who has an unruly subaltern shot, the unruly subaltern being his own son.—Among recent works of poetry the most notable is 'Erostrate' (Ollendorf), by M. Léon Duplessis, son of the well-known General Duplessis, who is said to be destined to a career of literary eminence.

M. Quantin has begun the publication, in Paris, of a series of brief biographies of 'Célébrités Contemporaines' (New York: Bouton). The text is furnished by clever writers, such as Jules Claretie; and each of the neatly-printed little pamphlets is embellished with a fine engraving of the subject of the sketch, and with a facsimile of his autograph. Victor Hugo, President Grevy, Louis Blanc, Augier and Gambetta are among the notabilities who have already been served up in this series, and the list will be extended to include perhaps a hundred names.

Science

Native American Languages.*

IT IS ONLY within this age that the presence of an important if not a very large literature belonging to a native stock of Indians has been seriously considered. It has been the fashion to treat the early Spanish accounts of the civilization of Mexicans, Peruvians, and Yucatanese as so many fables or as so much embroidery resulting in part from the excited imaginations of the conquerors, and in part from a desire to magnify the wealth of the newly-found country for selfish purposes. One reason why separate students of the antiquities or the tongues of different Indian stocks have come to widely divergent conclusions is the fact that, although in physique there was a strong ethnical resemblance among the tribes from the Northern Lakes to Patagonia, yet the largest gaps existed between them in regard to language; and in regard to habits and grade of civilization the diversity was hardly less pronounced. About two decades ago, a dictionary of the tongue of a native race in Yucatan, compiled in the sixteenth century by a clever but singularly bigotted bishop was discovered. It formed the starting point of a new study of the records in Spanish, and in an Indian tongue called Maya.

The Maya family of Central American languages is one of the most important linguistic stocks for the study of American ethnology, archaeology, and cognate sciences. It is spoken in more than fifteen dialects scattered through South-Eastern Mexico, Guatemala, and San Salvador. A portion of this territory was submitted to Spanish rule as early as 1527, the conquest being achieved about the year 1560. Missionaries set themselves to work studying the native dialects, and during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries had reduced to writing the Maya, Tsendal, Pocomchi, and Huastec dialects, together with Quiché and the two dialects of Quiché spoken in Guatemala, Cakchikel, and Zutugil. The grammars of the earlier priests are deficient in completeness and clearness, and their collections in lexicology scarcely rise above the merits of common vocabularies. But the discovery of Bishop Landa's dictionary encouraged the scholars of Europe and the United States to the belief that a clew had been found, not merely to the chronicles that purport to give the history of the Mayas for many centuries before the arrival of the whites, but also to the engraved and

* (1) Diccionario de la Lengua Maya. Por D. Juan Pío Pérez. Merida de Yucatan: 1866-1877. (2) The Maya Chronicles. Edited by D. G. Brinton, M.D. (Library of Aboriginal American Literature, Vol. I.) Philadelphia: D. G. Brinton.

carved hieroglyphs which are found in profusion on slabs, panels, lintels, and plastered walls at the sites of ruined cities in Yucatan. And though the vocabulary was far from perfect, yet it aided greatly in reconstructing the Maya language on paper. It should be noted in passing that the Spanish alphabet is entirely inadequate for rendering the nice phonetic distinctions of foreign languages, though perhaps a little better than the preposterous English orthography; and that nobody can succeed in the notation of any Indian language without the use of a scientific alphabet. As to the oral use of the Maya language, the Indians of Yucatan appear to speak it much as they did in the sixteenth century. Spanish words have entered; but on the other hand Maya words have taken their place in the popular speech. The department of Yucatan has about 200,000 Indians of pure blood speaking the Maya proper, and about 100,000 of mixed blood or of European descent who use the same tongue. Unlike many of the tongues ranked as 'agglutinative' by grammarians, Maya is in construction like English, and foreigners find it easier to learn than most European languages. At the conquest it was noticed that the natives owned written books made of paper and skin; and the very bigots who destroyed their idols and, like Bishop Landa, burned all the books they could seize, acknowledged their earnestness in trying to instruct themselves.

The recent 'rise' of Central American studies is largely due to the persistent efforts and enormous erudition of the enthusiastic Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg, who died in 1875. To him we owe the publication of the first history of the Mexican commonwealth which really deserves the name of history, and the republication of the Maya pictorial manuscript, called 'Codex Troano' (1870), and of 'Rabinal Achi'—'Le Drame-Ballet du Tun: Pièce Scénique de la Ville de Rabinal' (Paris: 1862). He also republished a Spanish grammar of the Quiché dialect and its two sub-dialects, and a numerous array of other valuable works bearing on these studies. His edition of the 'Codex Troano' was accompanied by a grammar and a dictionary of the Maya language taken from the old Spanish writers. The collection contains about 9000 terms with their definitions in French and Spanish, supplemented by remarks of the Abbé's own make, and chiefly intended to prop up his fantastic theory of an ancient connection of the Maya with the Celts, Greeks, Romans, Hindus, and other nations of the Eastern hemisphere. Brasseur was impressed with the correct idea, that, for laying the solid foundation of American studies, more facts, and facts critically sifted, must be made public; but these facts he intermingled with too many hollow theories, and thus impaired the value of his own labors.

The Maya studies were further advanced by a more copious dictionary of the Maya as spoken in the northern provinces of Yucatán, whose author is Judge Don Juan Pio Perez—an instructed Yucatecan. Pio Perez was born in 1798 at Merida, a short distance only from Uxmal and other celebrated cities in ruins, the grandeur of which must have profoundly influenced his imagination from early youth. Led by the desire to assist scientists in clearing up the many obscure points in the history of his country, he had formed the plan of composing a dictionary long before Brasseur began his studies. The book is a good-sized quarto of 437 pages, with two prefaces.* It contains about 22,000 vocables disposed in two columns, the definitions being given in short, concise items and terse language, worded with con-

siderable precision. Outside of many curious archaeological and ethnographic terms, the book embodies many words taken from ancient manuscript dictionaries existing in Yucatecan libraries, and terms from the sub-dialects of the interior. The sounds peculiar to Maya are accurately described, but the words are not accented. The editor—Eligio Ancona—does not state whether or no a second volume, containing the Spanish Maya part, is contemplated. This dictionary proves very useful to scholars who try to obtain a deeper insight into the nature of the five chronicles, worded in Maya, which were recently published by Dr. D. G. Brinton, of Philadelphia.

Dr. Brinton (†) could not have done better than to begin with the local chronicles of different Maya towns—chronicles which have a rough parallelism, but are never exactly the same. They represent the traditions of the race handed down by the heathen priests, concealed from the unholier zeal of Spanish monks, and continued long after the conquest under the Christian system of chronicling. It would be difficult to praise too highly the task Dr. Brinton has set before him. Prepared by his long studies in the same field (see 'Myths of the New World') he does not undertake the work as a novice. The exaggerations of the Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg are carefully separated from his valuable efforts in setting right the injustice of centuries to the Maya nation and in opening to savants a new chapter of human progress in civilization. Linguists of Mexico and Yucatan are drawn upon, in some cases. The late Dr. Berendt brought much light, and Dr. Brinton dedicates to him the first volume of his Library of Aboriginal American Literature. In every respect he writes like a serious scholar; nothing is left undone to furnish a sound text and translation. First the Maya is given, preceded by an introduction; then comes the English translation; then full notes entering into the most curious and valuable discussions concerning the meaning of simple and compound Maya words. It is Dr. Brinton's bent to derive many mythological and many so called historical statements in the native chronicles from the sun-myth. His recent pamphlet on myths among the Quichés, refers to origins for cultes which only a physician could deal with properly—namely, diseases of the most terrible type. In fine, there should be no hesitation among those who wish well to American antiquarianism in subscribing to the series edited and published by Dr. Brinton. The first volume is a large, handsome octavo, with open types. A vocabulary to the various chronicles closes it. The next volume—'Central American Calendars'—will be even more curious, since it will publish for the first time a number of the 'wheels' or native calendars used by the Quichés, Mayas, Cakchikels, and other nations. Volume III. will contain the original Aztec text, and a new translation of the chronicle of Quauhtillan. Volume IV. will be a translation, by Albert Gatschet, of the national legend of the Creeks from the German version made in 1755, a new Creek version made by a Creek, a version in a kindred tongue to the Creek, and extensive notes with glossary. A limited number of these highly interesting volumes are printed, and the pages are not stereotyped.

Scientific Notes.

C. LLOYD MORGAN, writing from Rondebosch, describes in *Nature* a number of experiments made with a view to determining whether or no the scorpion is addicted to suicide. The methods by which he tortured or killed the animals on which his experiments were made were as follows: Condensing a sun-beam on

various parts of the body; heating in a glass bottle; surrounding with fire or red-hot embers; placing in burning alcohol; placing in concentrated sulphuric acid; burning phosphorus on the creature's body; drowning in water, alcohol, and ether; placing in a bottle with a piece of cotton-wool moistened with benzine; exposing to sudden light; treating with a series of electric shocks. In some instances the scorpions struck with their stings around, across, and over the part affected, but in no case did they puncture their own bodies. These experiments were in all cases repeated on several individuals. 'I think it will be admitted,' says the writer, and there can be no doubt that it will, 'that these experiments were sufficiently barbarous (the sixth is positively sickening) to induce any scorpion who had the slightest suicidal tendency to find relief in self-destruction.'

'The Scientific Evidences in Favor of Organic Evolution,' by George J. Romanes, F.R.S., reviewed in THE CRITIC of December 30th last, has been added to the Humboldt Library.

The Fine Arts

The Movement for Free Art.

IT IS GRATIFYING to learn that petitions in favor of 'free art' are pouring in upon Congress from both artists and engravers. We suppose that the enterprising etcher who has been counterfeiting certain of Mr. Seymour Haden's works would like to be 'protected,' but so far, we believe, he has not been heard from. Our present law certainly seems to protect that worthy American 'producer' in a double sense, first by offering apparently no serious legal opposition to this species of counterfeiting, and secondly by imposing a heavy duty upon the originals which he has imitated. It is, by the way, gratifying to find an Academician of Mr. Bierstadt's influence actively engaging in the campaign in favor of Free Art. We learn that Mr. Bierstadt forwarded to Washington, the other day, a numerous signed petition from artists in favor of the 'reform bill.' By taking the side of intelligence, culture and commonsense in this important movement, he has set an example to some of his Academical companions which they would be wise to follow.

Art Notes.

AN unusually fine collection of foreign pictures is on exhibition at the Art Gallery of Geo. A. Leavitt & Co., 817 Broadway, to be sold at auction on the evening of March 8. The collection was made by Mr. J. C. Runkle, and embraces the names of the best-known of modern foreign painters. The illustrated catalogue is a capital souvenir of the collection, being embellished with a number of beautiful etchings, by J. S. Ferris and Peter Moran, after the principal paintings.

The Architectural League ate its second annual dinner at the Hotel Brunswick in the evening of Feb. 17. The menus were decorated by the members of the club, and then distributed at hazard.

The Drama

'728,' Mr. Daly's new farce, now running at his theatre, is excellent fooling. Since 'Divorçons' there has been nothing in the farcical line so good. Its motive is well within the bounds of probability, and its story is put together with a nice knowledge of the laws of the stage. Adapted from the German with excellent skill, vivaciously played by the best company in the country, containing a dozen droll scenes and, in the third act, one of masterly ingenuity, it ought to be the touchstone on which Mr. Daly can try whether the taste for farce of the best kind still lingers with the public. Of its class he can get nothing better.

No higher tribute can be paid to the play than to say that the author is never led into extravagance. His action is such as might happen in the most ordinary

household. Mr. Lancelot Bargiss, his principal personage, is an old country gentleman who, in his youth, had written poetry. He had not written it out of his head, but out of the collected works of Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Herrick, Lovelace, and other composers of amatory verse. The buds thus culled he had addressed, as his own, to a romantic young lady who, on the strength of them, married him, and led him, during thirty years, a tolerably quiet life, disturbed only by her ambition that his fame should be known to the world. To prove that his poetic powers were not waning he had, with great labor, indited an original ode to a pansy, and Mrs. Bargiss vowed she could not rest till the public had been called to gaze on that modest flower.

There happened to be founded in New York a monthly magazine called *Scattered Leaflets*. Its professed purpose was to befriend young authors, to print the works rejected by the older magazines, to give shelter to the outcasts of literature. To its editor Mrs. Bargiss addressed the ode to a pansy, and great was the perturbation in the household as the day of publication approached. At last it came and with it the magazine. With trembling hands Mrs. Bargiss opened the cover. 'It' was in print. The ode to a pansy, by Lancelot Bargiss, occupied a place of honor. All the family were summoned. All intruders were shut out. A semi-circle of attentive listeners was formed, and to them, accompanied by slow music, Mrs. Bargiss read the ode to a pansy. As she proceeded, her fervor increased; she seemed to swoon on every line; the sublimity of the thoughts intoxicated her, until, at length, rapt, inspired, her eyes turned to heaven, she flung herself on her husband's breast, and murmured, 'Lancelot, you are immortal.'

Lancelot, however, was undone. The publication of the ode to a pansy was followed by the arrival of Professor Gasleigh, the editor of *Scattered Leaflets*. The professor had a red nose and an inexhaustible appetite. He had established his literary venture in the belief that most people thought they could write poetry, and that some of those who thought so were rich enough to be encouraged. He had instantly recognized in Mr. Bargiss a poet of the right sort, good for at least a dozen subscriptions, an occasional loan, and a regular supply of dinners. To play with his victim skilfully and land him scientifically he determines to bring him to New York. Mrs. Bargiss is the more disposed to go to town because her eldest daughter Dora, who is married to Mr. Paul Hollyhock, a gentleman farmer, is tired of her husband's potato beds and sighs for the opera, the theatre, and the German; and also because the picture of her second daughter Florence, exhibited with a big dog at her feet as 'Number 728' in the National Academy of Design, has so smitten the fancy of Lord Lawntennis, a wandering English nobleman, that he has commissioned an Italian dancing-master to find its original at any cost. 'With a poet for husband and an earl for son-in-law, we shall get on in society,' thinks Mrs. Bargiss.

Unfortunate lady! Her husband had no sooner arrived in town, bent on literary pursuits, than he contracted a habit of shutting himself in his library every night and working at a 'society novel' by the gleam of a solitary lamp. One day the lamp was taken to be mended, and still Lancelot Bargiss shut himself into the library, still he worked at his 'society novel' far into the morning. Horrid suspicions came to Mrs. Bargiss. Could it be that?—It was so; Lancelot had

been false; his nightly studies were a pretext; his 'society novel' was a myth. With Professor Gasleigh he had visited the gay haunts of the town. 'My dear,' says he, apologetically, 'I was making studies for the novel. I was bound to see life. Dickens had to see life in just the same way. It was by no means uncommon with Dickens to stay away from home for four nights together.' And when the good lady, mollified, turned and forgave him all, the rogue was preparing to get behind the scenes of the Academy with his son-in-law, he disguised as a high priest, his son-in-law disguised as a conspirator. Having pleaded a headache, and had his head swathed in ice, they might both have got off in safety if they had not passed the Italian dancing-master in the green-room, and if he had not betrayed them to Mrs. Bargiss as the price of her revealing in her daughter Florence the original of the picture 'Number 728.'

And here occurs the best scene in the play. It bears the mark of being let in bodily from some forgotten French farce; but if this is so, the jointing is skilfully done. When Mrs. Bargiss and her daughter Dora have gone in haste to catch their truants at the Academy, Florence is left alone in the house, and, a storm rising, is frightened out of her wits. She knows that in the opposite home lives a Mr. Courtney Corliss, who has been paying her persistent attention. With the help of a postman, who opportunely arrives, and by displaying a poster containing the words 'Leah the Forsaken,' she draws Mr. Corliss to her side. There, repenting of her temerity, she pretends that her mother lies sick in the adjoining room, that it was for her mother she summoned him, and the young man, proceeding to pay court to her, has the fear of this imaginary mother before his eyes, and addresses fervid speeches to an inquiring ear. Acting the love-scenes of 'Leah the Forsaken' with more ardor than the situation demands, he is careful to explain in a very loud voice that 'it's all in the play,' and when the girl runs away he proceeds, at the door of an empty room, with sighs and postures and laying his hand upon his heart, to propose for her hand. Thereupon the veritable Mrs. Bargiss enters with her high priest and conspirator behind her and the curtain falls on his consternation. It is a most humorous bit of work, though the fun escapes in the telling.

Mrs. Bargiss has to pay for her ambition. She has secretly published her husband's early works, his fugitive pieces, and he is driven to confess that they are the works of greater poets than he, and has to buy up the entire edition. Then her matrimonial schemes are upset. Dora, who was never to forgive her husband, is found in his arms. Florence, who was designed for the earl, insists on marrying Mr. Corliss. Indeed, so far as Lord Lawntennis is concerned, he stated that all he wanted from 'Number 728' was to ascertain the price of her dog. And this moral seems to be that the pursuit of letters is a pretty poor occupation, leading sober country gentlemen to perdition, and respectable country ladies to the stage-door of the Academy of Music. To enforce this moral, Mr. Daly's company put forth all their energy, their humor, their animal spirits, Mr. William Gilbert being especially noteworthy as the Italian dancing-master. In fact, the piece is the merriest in town.

Music

"Micaela."

Lecocq's comic opera, 'Le Cœur et la Main,' which was not particularly successful in Paris, disappears from

the boards of the Bijou and reappears, in a slightly different version, at the Standard, where it is known as 'Micaela.' Far be it from us to decide between the rival versions, or to say whether Mr. J. H. Ryley, at the Standard, is more amusing than Mr. John Howson, at the Bijou. If the equipments at the Standard are the more brilliant, the chorus at the Bijou is the more radiant. If the Standard plumes itself on Mr. George Sweet as a vocalist, the Bijou is proud of Mr. Digby Bell as a humorist. The honors, let us say, are easy. The music is as graceful as any that the composer has written, never original, never dramatic, but all tricked out in the style of the last century, tripping along like a faded coquette. The libretto is of the artificial kind that suits the melodies of Lecocq, and though, like his numbers, it is apt to be dreary, it is set in such a dazzling frame at the Standard that it will serve for a while as a beacon to all the lovers of operetta.

Sunday Concerts.

THERE is plenty of good music to be heard in New York on Sunday, nowadays. Apart from the churches, in nearly all of which some attempt is made to give a musical service worthy of the name, and in a few of which noble mass-music, intelligently rendered, is always to be heard, there is more than one series of regular concerts, given in leading theatres. The fact is worthy of comment from other than a purely musical point of view. A short time back, when such an entertainment took place, it was, as a rule, advertised under the transparent guise of a 'sacred' concert. To-day no attempt is made to cloak its actual character, and 'popular' has usurped the place of 'sacred' on the programmes. Neither is the Sunday concert now a mere pretext for, and accompaniment to, the quaffing of frothy lager, and the consumption of good, bad and indifferent tobacco. Those who like to hear good music—not necessarily of the highest order—well performed, and who have no scruples as to receiving pleasure of this sort on Sundays, have no longer to brave the discomforts and annoyances usually encountered at a variety show, in order to gratify their taste. The musical fare provided at these concerts is sound and wholesome, though, as we have said, not quite of the highest class. This is a state of affairs dependent of course upon the question of financial success, and, in the present stage of popular musical knowledge, one quite inevitable. It should, however, be the endeavor of the management to gradually direct and lead the popular taste, until in course of time we may see on their programmes symphonies and concertos in place of operatic overtures and selections. The principal fault, so far, of the new Casino management, seems to be the trusting to a few well-known names as soloists and vocalists for drawing an audience, and the evidence of scant rehearsal by the orchestra. The latter, too, is far from being as important either in quality or quantity as might not unfairly be expected; and the same remarks apply with even more force to the Cosmopolitan Theatre concerts, the first of which took place last Sunday. A more important service may be rendered by these concerts than at first sight appears. The attendance at regular week-day concerts is almost wholly composed of what may be classed as the regular musical public, which already has a taste for, and more or less knowledge of, the higher forms of musical expression. Now the audience at these Sunday concerts is a different one entirely, and contains a large percentage of mere 'amusement-lovers'—people who would per-

haps at present rather see a funny play than hear good music, but who possibly have some dormant taste and love for music, notwithstanding. This taste may be fostered, and in course of time the good concert will be preferred to the indifferent play. From a high-art standpoint, the concerts thus far given are not entitled to lengthy criticism, and criticism we have not endeavored to bestow. They are, however, a sign of the times, and a sign which may be hopefully interpreted by musicians and lovers of music.

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